

## JESUS SAID UNTO HER, MARY!

In that wonderful scene in the garden, when Mary in the early dawn sought her Lord in Joseph's tomb and did not find him there, she turned away her eyes blinded with tears. Dimly she saw the figure of a man whom she supposed to be the gardener, and to him she said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Then Jesus said, in the old tender tone she knew so well, the tone of friendship, or brotherly kindness, "Mary?" The accents went straight to her heart. This indeed was the same Master Who had been in the little home in Bethany, Who had raised Lazarus from the grave, and at Whose feet she had often sat. This indeed was the same Master Who had been beaten and insulted, crowned with thorns and mocked by Herod's men, and Pilot's guard, Who had tottered under the weight of the Cross and in Whose hands the nails had been driven. She had seen Him on the Cross amid the shuddering blackness of Calvary. She saw Him now in the beautiful morning of the Resurrection, and he called her Mary.

Away back hundreds of years before Christ came a prophet had said, speaking in God's name, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

We are known by our names to our dear ones. To the great world we have names of ceremony. In great crowds of strangers, no one knows our names. In a strange place we sometimes have to be identified. But with God we do not need identification. The Captain of our Salvation knows us by name. When we pray to Him He knows who it is that is seeking help and He cares. Let it be our comfort in every circumstance, God cares. We go to friends sometimes and we confidently seek help in times of need, but we are disappointed, for they are only poor mortals and have neither help nor sympathy to give. We are never turned away empty when we carry a single heart's need or a single temporal want in real faith to our Heavenly Father. Jesus is always interceding for us, as for His friends. He said once to His Father, "As Thou has sent me into the world, so have I sent them into the world." Do you suppose for an instant that He neglects or forgets those He has sent into the world to do His work of love within it? Jesus said unto her, "Mary." What is He saying to you and to me? Whatever it is He is calling us by our names. We are His.—Margaret E. Sangster.

## PRAYER.

O Lord, Thy will be done. Make us strong enough to bear the doing of it; it may trouble us much; it may blind us when we are looking at beauty, it may deafen us when we are listening to the voice that charms us most; still, Thy will be done. Thou hast shown Thy children great and sore trouble; but each has come out of the cloud or the storm, saying, It was good for me that I was afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray. Thou hast given some of Thy children great power and honor and means of many kinds; may they realize their stewardship, and act as the trustees of Christ. Bless all noble hearts, prosper all noble purposes, send a blight upon all deceit and vanity, and as for all wickedness do Thou drive it down to hell. Amen.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

We are willing to love our neighbors—if we can choose our neighbors. But that is just where God tests us. He gives us neighbors whom we naturally would not choose, in order to teach us to act upon the real neighbor rule of helping the man next us, whoever he is. Until we do this our neighborliness is but a sham, not the Christian kind.

## THE NEARNESS OF HEAVEN.

"Heaven seems very real and near to me now," said a man, whose daughter had died some time before, to a friend. "It used to seem very dim and far away, but it doesn't seem so any more. A friend gave me some verses the other day which just express my feeling now:

"It seemeth such a little way to me  
Across to that strange country—the beyond,  
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be  
The home of those of whom I am so fond.  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

"And so to me there is no sting in death,  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing with abated breath  
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore  
More beautiful, more precious than before."

"And I don't go to her grave as much as I did at first," went on the father. "I think that she is not here; I think of her as in heaven.

"Waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before."

The death and resurrection and exaltation of Jesus were meant to make heaven near and real to us. He spoke about it as His Father's house of many mansions, whither He was going, and where, too, we would go to join Him, and would find that He had made ready for us. But we often need to have others go right out from our own homes to make us feel that that is no strange country.

There is not a house into which this paper goes from which some one has not gone into heaven, or will go soon; some one old or young. Their going is meant to draw heaven nearer to us and to draw us nearer to heaven, for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also. This is an argument for immortality which cannot be overthrown. It is the unanswerable certainty of the heart.—Forward.

## A SONG OF TRUST.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.  
Behind the cloud the sun still glows;  
Above the thorn there smiles the rose;  
And side by side with sorrow goes  
Joy with his song and laughter.  
God sends the stars into the night;  
And grief shall give way to delight;  
Trust Him, and find the paths all bright  
That lead to the Hereafter.

For every noble deed begun,  
For every strife of conscience won,  
For every kindly service done,  
The path of life grows clearer;  
God's hand is ever at our side;  
God's voice is ever close to guide;  
Trust Him, and so be satisfied;  
Each hour makes Heaven nearer!

As every mountain range has its peaks so every life has its events which rise above the level of the commonplace. There are seasons of exaltation when the whole life seems to lie nearer God, when, like the peaks, we rise nearer the sun and see more of his glory than on other days. But it is the range that makes the peaks possible, and the exaltations of life depend upon its character. A bad life has no cones of holiness which touch the heavens; a good life may have many, though its years be spent in the planning and drudgery of the uneventful and the commonplace.

## SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

## Some Bible Hints.

Christ is the Light of the world only to those that can see something besides themselves. No blindness so hopeless as pride (John 9:39).

No vision reaches so far into spiritual mysteries as the vision of humility. Here, as elsewhere, the last shall be first (John 9:41).

All whose eyes are opened to spiritual glories see worldly splendors thereafter as dull and cheap in comparison (Acts 26:13).

Every vision is a command, and its word is "Follow me!" (Acts 26:19).

## Suggestive Thoughts.

Those that use their eyes habitually on distant objects gain great keenness of vision; so do those that gaze much on heaven.

The skilled astronomer can see marks on a planet's disk that would be invisible to ordinary eyes. There is nothing like practice to quicken spiritual vision.

Physical blindness, or any other physical misfortune, may actually increase the soul's power of sight and insight.

One may as well try to see a landscape without the light of the sun as to get a knowledge of any spiritual truth without the light of Christ.

## A Few Illustrations.

After years of confinement in a dark dungeon, the prisoner finds light a torture to his eyes, and begs for his cell again. It is so with spiritual darkness.

A needle's prick may blind us to the material universe, and the smallest sin to the spiritual universe.

A blind man's touch and hearing become so keen as almost to supply the place of eyes; but spiritual blindness dulls all other senses.

In ancient times a king's eyes would be put out by his triumphant enemy, to destroy his hopes of ever reigning again. So Satan blasts our spiritual vision and thus dethrones us.

## To Think About.

Do others seem to see more in the Bible and Christ than I do?

What use am I making of the spiritual light I have?

Are the eyes of my soul growing stronger, or weaker?

## A Cluster of Quotations.

Beware of moral color blindness! Conscientious wrong doing is never safe doing.—H. Clay Trumbull.

There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. They cannot see God, because they have no eye. They have only an abortive organ, atrophied by neglect.—Henry Drummond.

Every permitted sin encrusts the windows of the soul and blinds our vision, and every victory over evil clears the vision of the soul, so that we can see God a little plainer.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

What the eye is to the body, faith is to the soul. You don't dig your eyes out to see if you have the right kind, but you are doing that to your faith.—D. L. Moody.

## DAILY READINGS

M., Aug. 27. "Seeing they see not." Isa. 6:10-13.  
T., Aug. 28. "Loving darkness." John 3:16-21.  
W., Aug. 29. Knowledge and sin. John 15:18-25.  
T., Aug. 30. Blind guides. Matt. 23:16-26.  
F., Aug. 31. Doubly enlightened. Acts 9:8-20.  
S., Sept. 1. Light for all. Isa. 42:13-17.  
S., Sept. 2. Topic—Spiritual blindness. John 9:35-41; Acts 26:12-19. (Consecration meetings).

Trouble is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.—George Eliot.